

HANNIBAL DAILY JOURNAL.

TERMS OF THE DAILY JOURNAL.
In Advance, . . . \$3 for three months.

TUESDAY EVENING, MAY 10, 1853.

O CLEMENS, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING
IN THE DAILY JOURNAL.
First insertion, Five Cents a Line;
Each Insertion afterwards, Two and a Half Cents a
Line.
Advertisements will be published from six to twelve
days at Two Cents a Line for each insertion, including
the first.

Religious Notice.

We are requested to say that Rev. Mr.
DYSENT, of the Cumberland Presbyterian
church, will preach in the Baptist Church, in
this city, to-morrow (Tuesday) evening, at
candle-light.

For the Daily Journal.

TO BAMBLER.

Must apologise. I merely glanced at your
doggerel, and naturally supposing that you had
friends in "H—l," (or Hannibal, as you are
pleased to interpret it.) I just thought you
seemed to need some one to take care of and
give you advice, and considered it my duty, in a
friendly way, to tell you that you were going
too far. However, you turned it off into "Han-
nibal," very well, and I give you credit for
your ingenuity.

You "will not again condescend to notice me,"
you say. Cruel "Bambler!" thus to annihilate
me, because I cannot appreciate your poetry!

Resply.

Your Friend,

And Admirer,

GRUMBLER.

THE RAILROAD.—We understand that Mr.
Kem starts to-day to commence operations. He,
in company with Mr. Brewington, have the grad-
ing of six miles beyond Palmyra.

Somewhat they got hold of some bad liquor on
the Ferry Boat last Sunday. It is very nice to
take a jug of whisky to the head of the sly on
Sunday, when the "critter" can't be bought in
the city. But last Sunday somebody put some
physic in the jug. Before starting, one of the
crew became very much indisposed, and went
home. The others took the epidemic, except
the Captain, who, in the emergency, constituted
himself physician, and administered for their
relief, nearly the entire contents of the jug.
When, finding that after every dose the patients
grew worse, he fell into despair, and pitched the
jug in the river. Next time, no doubt, they
will be careful to see that there is no tartar-
emetic in the jug.

We must apologize to "A Strong-Minded
Woman," about the communication entitled
"Fanny Fern." It was received in the office
during our absence, and has just now, for the
first time, been placed in our hands. "Fanny
Fern" will be published soon.

Five miles of the Hannibal, Hall-County and
Paris Plank Road will be ready to receive tolls
so soon as the toll gate shall have been erected,
which will be done immediately. The balance
of the road is progressing towards completion,
rapidly.

People of Monroe, wake up, and be ready to
meet us at the line. You are deeply interested
in having good roads, as well as we.

QUINCY.

What has become of that "one horse town
with stern wheel prospects," and its Captain,
John Wood? We have heard nothing from
that quarter, for some time.—Hannibal Jour.

Come up, Clemens, and see for yourself.
We'll show you the "town" with tears in your
eyes! We will even condescend to introduce
you to "Capt. Wood." So come on board before
the last bell rings, and the plank is hauled in.

Quincy Whig.

Wait a minute! We like you Quincy people
first rate, when you are civil and quiet, and
don't try to "gouge" your neighbors—but we
want to know what port you are bound for, be-
fore we go aboard. The Herald says that the
"discovery" of Pike county, by "Capt. Wood,"
is an unpardonable sin, for which every one
of you will be driven into those regions where
there is "weeping and wailing, and gnashing of
teeth." We don't want to risk too much; but
we'll accept the invitation, and, some of these
fine days, will venture aboard and look around
a little.

We understand that this morning there were
two or three skirmishes about a point of honor,
covering the payment of a board bill, some cred-
it, or some money, or something else, we didn't
exactly understand what—but it seems fully
established that there was "the very devil to
pay!"

FATAL ACCIDENT.—We understand that a
little boy some eleven or twelve years old, named
John Ross, fell from a wagon, loaded with
brick—a wheel passed over his body, injuring
him so much as to cause his death to take place
last night.

It is said that two men were drowned at
Louisiana, yesterday, while trying to cross the
river in a skiff.

Mr. Clark Owens, living in this vicinity, re-
turned home from California, yesterday.

KEOKUK, May 7th, 1853.

MR. EDITOR:

Being unavoidably detained at this place,
near a half day, I while away a moment,
to mention what I see and hear.

The first object which attracts the atten-
tion of the traveler, on his arrival here, by
boat, is the spacious depot for the St. Louis
and Keokuk packet line. This is a large
frame building, at the water's edge, some
200 by 100 feet, on the ground. The first
and entrance floor, is partly planked and
partly earth, with large doors, through
which freight is debarked from, and received
into the boats. The doors are large enough
for drays to enter, and turn round—and all
being under a good roof and dry, renders
it very convenient.

The second story is well furnished, with
good floors, and several rooms are pro-
vided with desks, chairs and counters,
and are used for the company's clerks and
hands—with sleeping rooms. The whole
is comfortable in cold weather or hot, and
very convenient for landing and shipping,
night or day, in good or bad weather. The
building is so close to the deep water, (the
bank being filled out,) that boats lie up to
it as close and convenient as to a wharf-
boat. I do not know whether other than
the company's boats are permitted to land
at it; but certain it is, that if the company
chose to do so, they could engross the
commission and shipment, or all the goods
and produce consigned to this place.

I, however, hear no complaint of this;
but the reason may be found in the next
object, which at times, very forcibly strikes
the attention of the traveler. This is the
muddy and impassable condition of the
wharf, and all the streets.

The city is much in the condition of an-
other, which we know. Their spirit of
enterprise has induced them to cut out more
work than their means will enable them to
finish. They have cut down, dug up, and
practically filled up their streets, all over
the city, and many of them, where a dray,
much less a market wagon, never had been,
and never will necessarily go; forgetting
the cost of paving, graveling or planking—
which they are unable to do—to render,
as good as they were before they were thus
improved. The excavation and inconveni-
ence of peregrination, by riding or walk-
ing through the mud-holes and swamps, or
hill sides, far outweighs their prospective
conveniences. The next remarkable thing,
though not pertaining to city government,
is the Mormon Camp, just out side of the
corporation. The sight justifies the excu-
sion through the mud. On the plane back
of the high grounds of the city, all at once
you are astonished at the city of tents,
which pops into view. Before the settle-
ment of California, our only accounts of
such assemblages and encampments were
of the Israelites of old. The fanaticism of
that people, either in obedience to the
commands, or devotion to their religious
notions is forcibly brought to mind; at the

view of this Mormon Encampment. Im-
agine 500 to 600 white tents, interspersed
occasionally by brown, black or smoked
edifices, of the same shape—the habitations
of the poor or less thrifty tenants ranged
in rows and circles, and covering many
acres, all in one view, and containing over
2000 souls (if they have such things); and
then imagine that all these are actuated by
one mind, in pursuit of the same objects,
(whatever they be) and your philosophy
will be troubled to solve it.

It will not do to say it is the pursuit of
legalized vice: nor that it is devotion to a
true and undefiled religion.

It cannot be the former, for, besides in-
fant's and those too young, a vast majority
of the adults are past middle life, and that
realization would not compensate the
trouble. Now could it be imagined that
the older seek thus to train and induce
their own young. Equally absurd is the
idea that it is devotion to a pure and unde-
filed religion, new or old. Their habits,
as we see and read of them, show that we
consider a very different course from that
which leads to the ends and objects of all
religions.

But this is deep water! and others may
seek for their objects, if they desire to find
them.

They have erected a tall liberty pole, on
which is suspended the the "Flag of Inde-
pendence," as it is called by some. By
some this is interpreted as an ensign of In-
dependence; an independant people, who
acknowledge no allegiance to the State or
country, nor a dependance upon it.

Their place of encampment is in Iowa, in
sight of Nauvoo, the place so late their
"New Jerusalem;" yet, not the nearest
point of departure for their second, third
or fourth "Eternal City," is significant.
May it be, for one long last and solemn fare-
well of that promised and anointed City—
the City of faith and the City of destruction!

RELIGIOUS NOTICE.

Rev. Dr. Hoge, of Columbus, Ohio, will
preach on Thursday next, at early candle light,
in the 2d Presbyterian Church.

ISREWICH, CONN., May 6, P. M.

The morning train from New Haven ran off
the drawbridge at this place; three cars were
Jemolished and fifty persons killed or drown-
ed.

Second Despatch.

Only two baggage cars and the smoking cars
were submerged; only the persons smoking in
the car were drowned. The loss is probably
greatly exaggerated.

Third Despatch.

About forty dead bodies have been recovered
up to three o'clock. All the employees of the
company escaped with slight bruises. The train
was running fifteen miles an hour. The blame,
as usual, rests with the engineer, as signals
were displayed by the bridge tender. There
are many conflicting statements, however; more
will be known soon.

New York, May 7.

Fifty-four bodies have been recovered from
the ruin at Norwalk, nearly all recognized and
mostly from the East; none from the West or
South as yet, except the one previously men-
tioned. Warren S. Newell, of Georgia, had an
ankle broken. The coroner's inquest is still go-
ing on; the evidence appears to establish the
fact that the bridge tender promptly gave the
signal that the draw was open, but instead of
holding up, the engineer appeared not to take
any notice and dashed on at full speed. Efforts
are now making to recover all the bodies from
the ruin by drags, firing of cannon, &c.

The Connecticut Legislature this morning ap-
pointed a special committee to investigate the
facts; a bill was also introduced imposing a fine
of \$10,000 on every company for each person
killed on the road, and a heavy penalty for all
accidents.

PLANK ROAD NOTICE.

THE Stockholders of the Hannibal, Hall-County and
Paris Plank Road Company, will please take No-
tice that seventy per cent. of the Capital Stock has
been called, and is now due. Those knowing them-
selves delinquent will pay the same to E. HAWKINS,
Treasurer, without delay, and save cost. But will be
instantly forthwith, against all delinquents.
(S. D. Dowling) JNO. D. DOWLING, President.

THE DRUNKARD'S BIBLE.

"Mr. President," said a short, stout man,
with a good humored countenance, and a florid
complexion, rising, as the last speaker took his
seat, "I have been a grog seller."

At this announcement, there was a movement
through the whole room, and an expression of
increased interest.

"Yes Mr. President," he went on, "I have
been a grog seller, and many a glass I have sold
to you, and to the Secretary and to a dozen of
others that I see there,"—glancing around upon
the company.

"That's a fact," broke in the President,
"many a gin-toddy and brandy-punch have I
taken at your bar. But times are changed now,
and we have begun to carry the war into the
enemy's camp. And our war has not been al-
together unsuccessful, for we have taken pris-
oner, one of the rum-seller's bravest Generals!
But, go on friend W——— let us have your
experience."

"As to my experience, Mr. President," the
ex-bar-keeper resumed, "in rum-selling and
drinking, for I have done a great deal of both
in my time, that would be rather too long to tell
to-night—and one that I would much rather for-
get than relate. It makes me tremble and sick
at heart, whenever I look upon the evil that I
have done, I, therefore, usually look ahead with
the hope of doing some good to my fellow
men."

But there is one incident I will relate. For
the last five years, a hard-working mechanic,
with a wife and seven small children, came regu-
larly, almost every night, to my place, and
spent the evening in my bar-room. He came
to drink, of course, and many a dollar of his
hard earnings went into my till. At last he be-
came a perfect sot, working scarcely one-fourth
of the time, and spending all he earned in li-
quor. His poor wife had to take in washing to
support herself and children, while he spent his
time and the little he could earn at my bar.—
But his appetite for liquor was so strong, that
his week's earnings were usually gone by Tues-
day or Wednesday, and then I had to chalk up
a score against him, to be paid off when Satur-
day night came.

This score gradually increased, until it
amounted to three or four dollars over his Sat-
urday night's pay, when I refused to sell him
any more liquor until it was settled. On the day
after I had thus refused him, he came in with a
neat mourning breast pin, enclosing some hair,
I thought of a deceased relative. This he offer-
ed in payment for what he owed. I accepted
it, for the pin I saw at once was worth double
the amount of my bill. I did not think, nor in-
deed care about the question, whether he own-
ed it or not; I wanted my own, and in my selfish
eagerness to get it, I hesitated not to take a lit-
tle more than my own.

I laid the breast-pin away, and all things
went on smoothly for a while. But he gradu-
ally got behind. This time he brought me a
pair of brass andirons, and a pair of brass can-
dlesticks, and I took them, and wiped off the
score against him. At last he brought a large
family Bible, and I took that too—thinking, no
doubt, I could sell it for something.

On the Sunday afterwards, having nothing to
do, for I used to shut my bar on Sundays, think-
ing it was not respectable to sell liquor, I opened
this poor drunkard's Bible, scarcely thinking of
what I was doing. The first place I turned
was to the family record. There it was stated,
that, upon a certain day he had been married to
Emily——, I had known Emily——, when
I was a young man, very well, and had once
thought seriously of offering myself to her in
marriage. I remembered her happy young face,
and seemed suddenly to hear a tone of her mer-
ry laughter.

"Poor creature!" I sighed involuntarily as a
thought of her present condition crossed my
mind—and with no pleasant feelings, I turned
over another leaf. There was the record of the
birth of her four children; the last had been
made recently, and was in the mother's hand.

I never had such strange feelings as now
came over me. I felt that I had no business
with this book; but I tried to stifle my feelings
and turned over several leaves quickly. As I
suffered my eyes to rest upon an open page,
these words arrested my attention:—

(To be Continued)

PITTSBURGH, May 7, P. M.

River 6 feet 6 inches, falling.

CINCINNATI, May 7, P. M.

A movement is being made to construct a ca-
anal on the Indiana side of the Falls of Ohio by
private capitalists, all hopes of the government
removing the present obstructions being pretty
much abandoned.

Judge Thomas, an old and respectable citizen
of Mount Vernon, Ohio, committed suicide last
Monday, while laboring under mental excite-
ment. He was the first Senator from Indiana,
and author of the celebrated compromise law
which Henry Clay carried through Congress.

A correspondent says that when the says he
can't marry his grandmother, or his aunt, or his
wife's mother, it makes an ass of itself, for when
a man marries now-a-days, he marries the whole
family.